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THE  
ROSARY.

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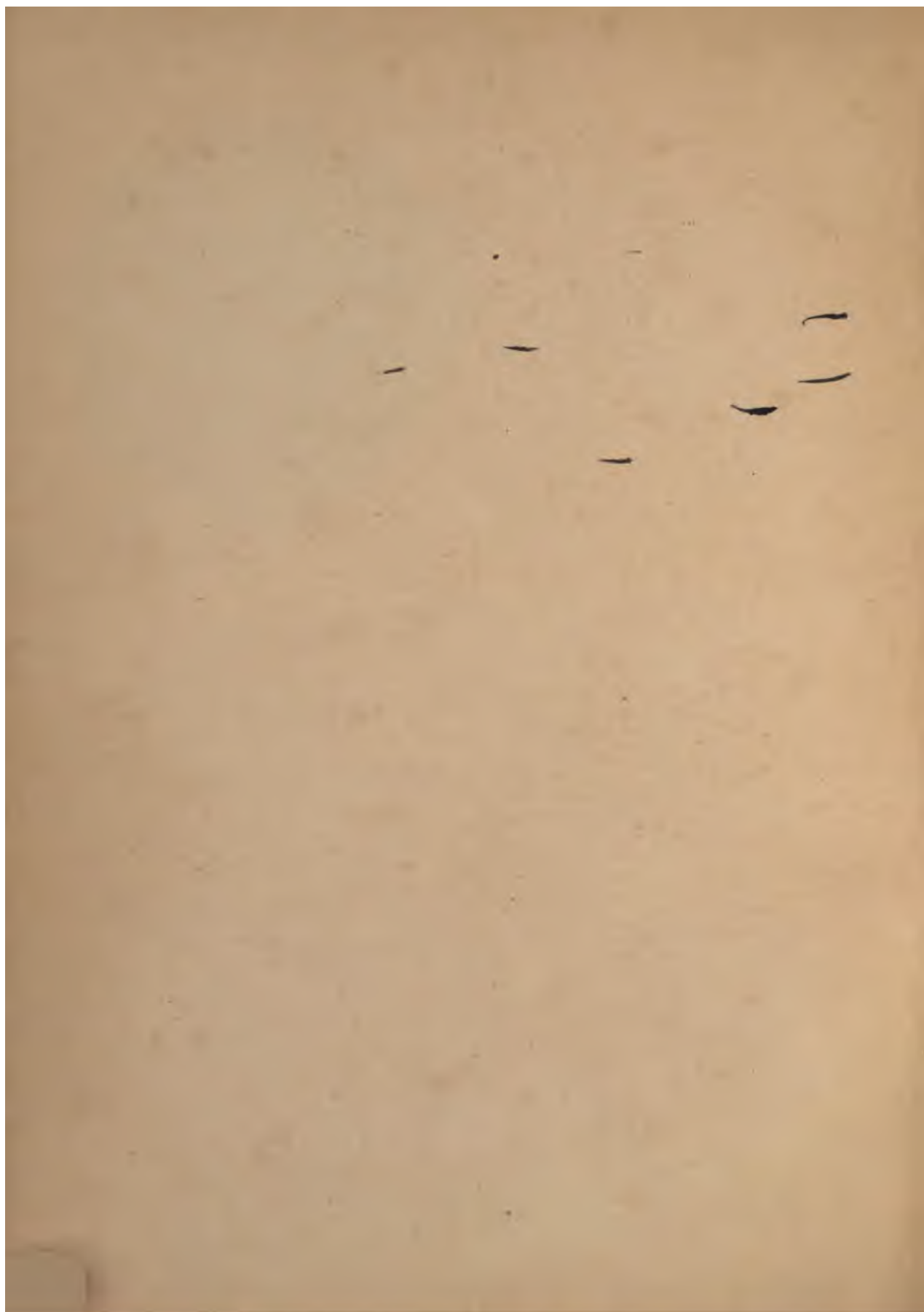
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THE  
R O S A R Y.

BY  
T. W. PARSONS.

EIGHTY COPIES PRINTED.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.  
JOHN WILSON AND SONS.  
1865.





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THE FIRST

A. SHARP.

I FROWN a shadow is my face,  
I find the festive hall  
How beautiful from home — how sweet —  
I wonder at a hall.

A crowd in summer, a crowd,  
Might — say the morning star  
These years — I wonder from whose arm  
What angel's arm they are.

I sought her out amid the crowd,  
With crosses deeply set.  
Dark-eyed, but pale, a soft-smooth  
And Spanish-looking maiden.





## THE ROSARY.

A SHRIFT.

**I** FOUND a rosary at my feet,  
Amid the festive hall ;  
How beautiful ! from Rome — how sweet ! —  
Devotion at a ball !

A cross, an amulet, a charm,  
Might “ stay the morning star ” !  
These pearls — I wonder from whose arm,  
What angel’s arm, they are.

I sought her out amid the crowd,  
With tresses largely laden ;  
Dark-eyed, but pale, a lofty-browed  
And Spanish-looking maiden.

“ Lady, is't thine, this fair machine, —  
This toy, faith's pretty fungus?  
' Have we a Bourbon ' then, I mean  
A Romanist among us ? ”

While thus the trinket I returned  
To her whose wrist adorned it,  
Methought her cheek a moment burned,  
As though my speech had scorned it.

And, as she took the bauble back,  
A casual thought came o'er me :  
This girl is on as good a track,  
Perchance, as hers who bore me.

She was a generous, discreet,  
And much-enduring mother,  
Who early trained my little feet  
To kirkward with my brother.

Blest in belief, we did not know  
Of orthodox or Arian ;  
Knew not if we were high or low,  
Baptist or Trinitarian.

We only knew that Christ was child  
Of God, and was our brother ;  
That once on children he had smiled,  
And said, " Love one another."

God loved my brother more than me :  
The poor lame boy died early ;  
While I grew up from croup to be  
Rough, tough, and tall and burly ;

And mixed with men, and wandered wide,  
And found that creeds were plenty ;  
And laughed at all, though I complied,  
As fashion taught, with twenty.

In France I worshipped Rochefoucault ;  
In Italy, the singers,  
And all the bearded tribe that owe  
Their fortune to their fingers.

In Germany they made me mad  
With their too much of learning  
(Though less than he of Tarsus had),  
And blind with much discerning.



Our cousin-Germans were, for me,  
Not "German to the matter:"  
I heard their talk, but could not see  
Amid the smoke and clatter.

They reasoned in, and reasoned out,  
Yet gave me no assistance,  
Until, at last, I came to doubt  
God's and my own existence.

And now I found me all astray,  
Begirt with shining errors,  
Wherewith philosophers of clay  
Outfaced the eternal terrors,

Since men of science, men of mind,  
Great reasoners, great scholars,  
Taught me the sum of life to find  
In dinners, or in dollars.

"First good, first perfect, and first fair —"  
Youth's dreams, to end in eating!  
Plato, we vainly wandered there,  
If all *thy* dreams were cheating.

Out of this dark, pedantic wood,  
     This weary waste of paper ;  
 Out of this gloom to any good,  
     Light, light, if but a taper.

And lo ! the Sun of Righteousness,  
     All calm and clear before me ;  
 Thou Nazarene, in my distress,  
     Thy Word alone upbore me,

Back to my childhood's faith once more ;  
     Back to my mother's lesson ;  
 Back to the cross that Jesus bore,  
     His pardon and his blessing.

Lady, I do *not* scorn that sign,  
     Howe'er our creeds depart :  
 Those beads — that crucifix of thine —  
     I kiss it, in my heart.



## A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

"Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes  
 Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,  
 This bird of dawning singeth all night long :  
 And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad ;  
 The nights are wholesome then ; no planets strike ;  
 No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm, —  
 So gracious and so hallowed is the time."

**O** BIRD of dawning ! all the night  
 Sing ; for the season is at hand  
 When hearts are glad, and faces bright,  
 And happiness is Heaven's command :  
 Shout, chanticleer ! that all may hear  
 Whom cares have chastened through the year :  
 Christmas is come to cheer the land !

And now no spirit walks — but one  
 Of Love, — nor shall that spirit cease :  
 No planet rules — except the Sun  
 Of Righteousness, the Prince of Peace !  
 And that whose ray first led the way  
 To where the babe in Bethlehem lay ;  
 The star that ne'er shall know decrease.

## HYMN FOR LENT.

**R**ESTORE thy penitent, restore,  
Thou who hadst pity on the thief  
And the frail woman! Give not o'er  
Thy servant to eternal grief.

For every morn his waking thought  
Is anguish for the day before;  
He feels his yesterday were naught,  
And humbly prays for one day more, —

One more of trial, trembling doubt;  
One more of misery for the past;  
Temptations in, — temptations out;  
Yet hope for victory at last.

Lord Christ! our day of Lent is come, —  
The time to fast, — the time of tears:  
Strike not a sorrowing sinner dumb,  
But hear his prayer with gracious ears.

THE LAST DAY OF DYING:

THE LAST DAY OF DYING: CALM-LEAVES.

of the day,  
upon my way:  
never die, —  
the sky!  
in years,  
peers!  
coated breath,  
th:  
conceive  
believe!  
thy home,  
roam!  
go'st,  
know'st!  
We, too, are pilgrims, travelling towards the shrine:  
Pray that our pilgrimage may end like thine!



Hannah Billing  
The original  
drawing

## AN EASTER LESSON.

TRANSLATED FROM DANTE.

CHRISTIANS, be staid, walk wisely and serene :  
Be grave, and shun the flippant speech of those  
Who think that *every* wave may wash them clean, —  
That *any* field will serve them for repose.  
Be not a feather to each wind that blows :  
There is a *Shepherd* and a *Fold* for you :  
Ye have a *Leader*, when your way is rough ;  
Ye have the Testament, the Old and New,  
And this for your salvation is enough.

## MARY BOOTH.

*Wm. Edwin Booth*

**W**HAT shall we do now, Mary being dead,  
 Or say or write, that shall express the half?  
 What *can* we do but pillow that fair head,  
 And let the Spring-time write her epitaph? —

As it will soon, in snowdrop, violet,  
 Wind flower, and columbine, and maiden's tear;  
 Each letter of that pretty alphabet,  
 That spells in flowers the pageant of the year.

She was a maiden for a man to love;  
 She was a woman for a husband's life;  
 One that has learned to value, far above  
 The name of Love, the sacred name of Wife.

Her little life-dream, rounded so with sleep,  
Had all there is of life, except gray hairs, —  
Hope, love, trust, passion and devotion deep ;  
And that mysterious tie a Mother bears.

She hath fulfilled her promise and hath passed :  
Set her down gently at the iron door !  
Eyes look on that loved image for the last :  
Now cover it in earth, — her earth no more.



## HER EPITAPH.

**T**HE handful here, that once was Mary's earth,  
Held, while it breathed, so beautiful a soul,  
That, when she died, all recognized her birth,  
And had their sorrow in serene control.

"Not here! not here!" to every mourner's heart  
The wintry wind seemed whispering round her bier;  
And when the tomb-door opened, with a start  
We heard it echoed from within, — "Not here!"

Shouldst thou, sad pilgrim, who mayst hither pass,  
Note in these flowers a delicater hue;  
Should Spring come earlier to this hallowed grass,  
Or the bee later linger on the dew, —

Know that her spirit to her body lent  
Such sweetness, grace, as only goodness can ;  
That even her dust, and this her monument,  
Have yet a spell to stay one lonely man, —

Lonely through life, but looking for the day  
When what is mortal of himself shall sleep ;  
When human passion shall have passed away,  
And Love no longer be a thing to weep.

TO THAT WHIP-POOR-WILL WHO SINGS  
AT ME UP AT SUDBURY.

**W**HY whip poor Will? what sin of mine  
Deserves so harsh a word?  
How impudent! I half incline  
To quarrel with the bird.

Close to my chamber window, love,  
That creature, every night,  
Comes perching on the boughs above, —  
An ill-commissioned sprite ;

And in that cool, sarcastic style  
To pity me pretends ;  
Calls me poor William, — yet the while  
A whipping recommends.

“ Poor Will ! poor Will ! yet whip poor Will ! ”  
Thou contradictory thing,  
What’s my offence ? and wherefore still  
So cross a carol sing ?

Thus at my chamber window, love,  
Hid in that elm-tree shade,  
From heaven's reproachful eyes above,  
He screams my serenade,

Till, in the stillness of the hour,  
Beneath those solemn stars,  
His chaunt, with a mysterious power,  
My midnight slumber mars.

My little monitor ! I own,  
That, heard in hush of night,  
Thy cry comes o'er me like the tone  
Of conscience !— thou art right ;

Since, though for knowledge incomplete  
Some pity I deserve,  
Full oft, with weak and willing feet,  
From Duty's path I swerve.

And pity must be mingled still  
With chastisement, I know it,  
Or else my native bent for ill  
Might spoil both man and poet.

## THE ALTAR.

**T**HERE is an Altar that was once an oak ;  
 Cushioned around its foot with tufted stones,  
 So soft and green with moss they seem to ask  
 The pious pressure of the knee alone, —  
 Too beautiful to tread on. Here, in Spring,  
 When the pale wind flower, the anemone,  
 Sprinkled the woodland paths, and arbutue blossoms,  
 Nestled beneath last Autumn's ragged shroud,  
 With punctual step I came to see what havoc  
 Winter had made of my November wreaths :  
 But all were faded, — leaf and flower and stem !  
 Yet here's one garland that I wove from them :

Lady, in thy lonely walk,  
     Shouldst thou nigh the altar stray,  
 Where the gentian's faded stalk  
     Yet recalls the gentle day

When we trod the woods together,  
 And marked November turning gray,  
 Though the soft air, that Indian-summer weather,  
 And thy sweet presence, made it seem like May :

Shouldst thou linger there alone,  
 Counting not such hours a loss,  
 Drop some token by the stone ;  
 Leave some sign upon the moss :  
 So when next I wander thither,  
 In any mood of thought or prayer,  
 I may be certain, by the leaves that wither  
 On the cold rock, what angel has been there.

Then, as worshippers of old  
 Heard strange oracles that spoke, —  
 Heard a thousand secrets told  
 By the dark Thesprœtian oak, —  
 I from that rude trunk may gather  
 Such hope, that when I kneel again  
 In holy church, and humbly say " OUR FATHER,"  
 Thy thought may strengthen my devout Amen.

## THE LAST GENTIAN.

**S**EE ! I survive because I bowed my head,  
 Hearing the snow's first footfall in the air ;  
 I felt his cold kiss on my cheek with dread,  
 And to my sister said, Beware !  
 And stooped beneath my bank and let him pass.  
 Next morn the brook was glass :  
 My simple sister, in her pride  
 Disdained to bow her head, so drooped and died.

Last gentian of the withering year !  
 Left for Augusta's hand,  
 Thou shalt not linger shivering here  
 By the bleak North-wind fanned,  
 Until thy blue eye turn to gray,  
 And from thy lids the lashes fall away.  
 I will not leave thee, loving thee so well,  
 To face the ruin of November's air ;  
 But thou shalt go where Summer still doth dwell,  
 Soft light and bird song, — all things bright or fair, —

*Walter Burnard. his sister. 1840.*

And happy thoughts and wise thoughts fed with  
books,  
And gentle speech, and loving looks  
From eyes that still make sunshine everywhere.  
For know, thou trembling stem, that not alone  
My lady bears the summer in her name;  
Her heart is no less August; and her tone  
When she shall greet thee, — guessing whence it  
came, —  
And the sweet welcome of her smile,  
Thy simple soul shall so beguile,  
That hadst thou lips as lids, those lips would say  
The day I found thee was thy sunniest day.

Nov. 12., 1865.





# THE WILLEY HOUSE.

A BALLAD OF THE WHITE HILLS.

## I.

COME, children, put your baskets down,  
 And let the blushing berries be :  
 Sit here, and wreathe a laurel crown ;  
 And, if I win it, give it me.

'Tis afternoon, — it is July, —  
 The mountain shadows grow and grow ;  
 Your time of rest, and mine is nigh, —  
 The moon was rising long ago.

While yet on old Chocōrua's top  
 The lingering sunlight says farewell,  
 Your purple-fingered labor stop,  
 And hear a tale I have to tell.

## II.

You see that cottage in the glen,  
Yon desolate, forsaken shed,  
Whose mouldering threshold, now and then.  
Only a few stray travellers tread.

No smoke is curling from its roof ;  
At eve no cattle gather round ;  
No neighbor now, with dint of hoof,  
Prints his glad visit on the ground.

A happy home it was of yore :  
At morn the flocks went nibbling by ;  
And Farmer Willey, at his door,  
Oft made their reckoning with his eye.

Where yon rank alder-trees have sprung,  
And birches cluster thick and tall,  
Once the stout apple overhung,  
With his red gifts, the orchard wall.

Right fond and pleasant in their ways  
The gentle Willey people were :  
I knew them in those peaceful days ;  
And Mary, — every one knew her.

## III.

Two summers now had seared the hills,  
Two years of little rain or dew ;  
High up the courses of the rills  
The wild-rose and the raspberry grew :

The mountain sides were cracked and dry ;  
And frequent fissures on the plain,  
Like mouths, gaped open to the sky  
As though the parched earth prayed for rain.

One sultry August afternoon,  
Old Willey, looking toward the west,  
Said, " We shall hear the thunder soon :  
Oh ! if it bring us rain, 'tis blest."

And, even with his word, a smell  
Of sprinkled fields passed through the air ;  
And from a single cloud there fell  
A few large drops, — the rain was there.

Ere set of sun, a thunder-stroke  
Gave signal to the floods to rise :  
Then the great seal of heaven was broke ;  
Then burst the gates that barred the skies !

While from the west the clouds rolled on,  
And from the nor'west gathered fast ;  
“ We'll have enough of rain anon,”  
Said Willey, — “ if this deluge last.”

For all these cliffs, that stand sublime  
Around, like solemn priests appeared, —  
Gray Druids of the olden time,  
Each with his white and streaming beard,

Till, in one sheet of seething foam,  
The mingling torrents joined their might ;  
But in the Willeys' quiet home  
Was naught but silence, and “ Good night !”

For soon they went to their repose ;  
And in their beds, all safe and warm,  
Saw not how fast the waters rose, —  
Heard not the growing of the storm.

But, just before the stroke of ten,  
Old Willey looked into the night ;  
And called upon his two hired men,  
And woke his wife, who struck a light ;

Though her hand trembled, as she heard  
 The horses whinnying in the stall ;  
 And — “ Children ! ” was the only word,  
 That woman from her lips let fall.

“ Mother ! ” the frightened infants cried,  
 “ What is it ? has a whirlwind come ? ”  
 Wildly the weeping mother eyed  
 Each little darling, but was dumb.

A sound ! as though a mighty gale  
 Some forest from its hold had riven,  
 Mixed with a rattling noise like hail :  
 God ! art thou raining rocks from heaven ?

A flash ! O Christ ! the lightning showed  
 The mountain moving from his seat !  
 Out, out into the slippery road !  
 Into the wet with naked feet !

No time for dress, — for life ! for life !  
 No time for any word but this :  
 The father grasped his boys ; his wife  
 Snatched her young babe, — but not to kiss.

And Mary with the younger girl,  
Barefoot and shivering in their smocks,  
Sped forth amid that angry whirl  
Of rushing waves and whelming rocks.

For down the mountain's crumbling side,  
Full half the mountain from on high  
Came sinking, like the snows that slide  
From the great Alps about July.

And with it went the lordly ash,  
And with it went the kingly pine ;  
Cedar and oak, amid the crash,  
Dropped down like clippings of the vine.

Two rivers rushed, — the one that broke  
His wonted bounds and drowned the land ;  
And one that streamed with dust and smoke,  
A flood of earth, of stones and sand.

Then for a time the vale was dry,  
The soil had swallowed up the wave ,  
Till one star, looking from the sky,  
A signal to the tempest gave :

The clouds withdrew, the storm was o'er,  
 Bright Aldebaran burned again ;  
 The buried river rose once more,  
 And foamed along his gravelly glen.

## IV.

At morn the men of Conway felt  
 Some dreadful thing had chanced that night ;  
 And those by Breton woods who dwelt  
 Observed the mountain's altered height.

Old Crawford and the Fabyan lad  
 Came down from Amonoosuck then,  
 And passed the Notch, — ah ! strange and sad  
 It was to see the ravaged glen.

But having toiled for miles in doubt,  
 With many a risk of limb and neck,  
 They saw, and hailed with joyful shout,  
 The Willey House amid the wreck.

That avalanche of stones and sand,  
 Remembering mercy in its wrath,  
 Had parted, and, on either hand,  
 Pursued the ruin of its path.

And there, upon its pleasant slope,  
 The cottage, like a sunny isle,  
 That wakes the shipwrecked seaman's hope,  
 Amid that horror seemed to smile.

And still upon the lawn before,  
 The peaceful sheep were nibbling nigh ;  
 But Farmer Willey at his door  
 Stood not to count them with his eye.

And in the dwelling, — O despair !  
 The silent room ! the vacant bed !  
 The children's little shoes were there, —  
 But whither were the children fled ?

That day a woman's head, all gashed,  
 Its long hair streaming in the flow,  
 Went o'er the dam, and then was dashed  
 Among the whirlpools down below.

And farther down, by Saco side,  
 They found the mangled forms of four,  
 Held in an eddy of the tide ;  
 But Mary, — she was seen no more.



Yet never to this mournful vale  
Shall any maid, in summer time,  
Come without thinking of the tale  
I now have told you, in my rhyme.

And when the Willey House is gone,  
And its last rafter is decayed,  
Its history may yet live on  
In this your ballad that I made.

## A PRAYER FOR SLEEP.

O THOU to whom, in every land,  
A thousand temples rise ;  
Who hold'st the ocean with thy hand,  
And spreadest out the skies ;  
Who wakest hope, and calm'st the sighs  
That heave the human breast ! —  
Let fall, upon thy servant's eyes,  
The blessing of thy rest.

Thy winds are hushed upon the hill ;  
Thy woods and waters sleep ;  
Oh ! let this troubled heart be still,  
These eyes forbear to weep ;  
Thy faithful stars their watches keep,  
Thou ever art awake ;  
Safe is our slumber — be it deep !  
Amen ! for Jesus' sake.

*Edward* E V E R E T T.

SO fell our Statesman ; for he stood sublime  
 On that proud pedestal, a people's heart, —  
 As when some image, through the touch of time,  
     That long was revered in the public mart,  
 Or some tall clock-tower, that was wont to tell  
     The hour of duty to the young and olden  
 With tongue most musical of every bell,  
     Bends to its base, and is no more beholden.  
 So fell our Everett : more like some great elm,  
     Lord of the grove, — but something set apart, —  
 That all the tempests could not overwhelm,  
     Nor all the winters of its seventy years ;  
     But, on some peaceful midnight, bursts his heart,  
 And, in the morning, men behold the wreck,  
     (Some with gray hairs who cannot hold their tears,)  
 But in the giant timber find no speck  
     Nor unsound spot, but only wholesome wood ;

No secret worm consuming at the core

The stem that ever seemed so fair and good ;  
And aged men that knew this tree of yore,

When but a sapling, promising full well,

Say to each other, — This majestic plant

Came to full growth : it made no idle vaunt ;

From its own weight, without a flaw, it fell.



## PARADISI GLORIA.

WRITTEN AFTER HEARING A SERMON BY THE REV.

DR. PUTNAM.

of Roxbury (Mass -  
Boston)*"O frate mio! ciascuna e cittadina  
D'una vera città —"*

**T**HERE is a city, builded by no hand,  
 And unapproachable by sea or shore;  
 And unassailable by any band  
 Of storming soldiery for evermore.

In that pure city of the living Lamb  
 No light shall shine of candle or of sun,  
 Or any star; but He who said "I Am,"  
 Shall be the Lamp, He and His Holy One.

Nor shall we longer spend our gift of time  
 In time's poor pleasures, — doing needful things  
 Of work or warfare, merchandise or rhyme;  
 But we shall sit beside the silver springs

putty J.W.P.  
own con-  
struction

That flow from God's own footstool, and behold  
The saints and martyrs, and those blessèd few  
Who loved us once and were beloved of old,  
To dwell with them and walk with them anew,

In alternations of sublime repose, —  
Musical motion, — the perpetual play  
Of every faculty that Heaven bestows  
Through the bright, busy, and eternal day.

## INSCRIPTION

FOR AN ALMS-CHEST MADE OF CAMPHOR-WOOD.

**T**HIS fragrant box that breathes of India's balms  
Hath one more fragrance, — for it asketh alms ;  
But, though 'tis sweet and blessed to receive,  
You know who said, " It is more blest to give : "  
Give, then, receive His blessing ; and for me  
Thy silent boon, sufficient blessing be !

If Ceylon's isle, that bears the bleeding trees,  
With any perfume load the Orient breeze ;  
If Heber's Muse, by Ceylon as he sailed,  
A pleasant odor from the shore inhaled, —  
More lives in me ; for underneath my lid  
A sweetness as of sacrifice is hid.

Thou gentle almoner, in passing by,  
Smell of my wood, and scan me with thine eye :  
I, too, from Ceylon bear a spicy breath  
That might put warmth in the lungs of death :  
A simple chest of scented wood I seem ;  
But, oh ! within me lurks a golden beam, —

A beam celestial, and a silver din,  
As though imprisoned angels played within ;  
Hushed in my heart, my fragrant secret dwells ;  
If thou wouldst learn it, Paul of Tarsus tells ;  
No jangled brass nor tinkling cymbal sound,  
For in my bosom Charity is found.



## A C A L M.

**B**ECAUSE I write not, do not think me dull ;  
Nor call me sullen when I seldom speak :  
Say not " How lazy ! " if there comes a lull  
In my life's passage, for a silent week :  
'Tis not that Love lies dead within my breast ;  
'Tis not ill humor, dearest, or a pique ;  
But sometimes nothing is the very best  
That one can say, or think, or do, or plan :  
God gives his ocean calms, and why not man ?

WITH A — ?

**S**WEET Sister, when the sacred fruit  
 Of Peace shall crown thy board,  
 My silver gift shall not be mute  
 But say a golden word ;

A word, — a wish that Peace may be  
 God's next boon, after Love :  
 Peace in this world to thine and thee !  
 And the peace of Christ, above.


And I would write, on every line  
 Of my small gift, one prayer, —  
 That thou may'st aye believe me thine  
 Till Charon claim his fare.

## IVY LEAVES.

**T**HIS ivy that hung on the garden-wall,  
In sunlight, in moonlight, in rain, in dew,  
Shall glisten to-night in the festive hall,  
And gather fresh beauty and grace from you.

Like a pearl-drop plucked from the deep, to gleam  
On the ivory throne of a lady's wrist,  
To-night shall its loveliness lovelier seem  
On the head by whose tresses it shall be kissed.

JUNE 10, 1857.



## THE FLAG.

*"Liberta va cercando che è sì cara!" — DANTE.*  
It waves for Liberty that is so dear!

**S**TILL proudest emblem on the seas!  
Bright banner of my new-born land!  
The time is near when every breeze  
By which thy stainless folds are fanned

Shall bring the name of freedom clear —  
More clear than ever heard before —  
To each expectant bondman's ear,  
On every tyrant-trodden shore.

Beyond the fires of Hecla, thou  
Shalt burn with no uncertain gleam;  
And crowds of worshippers shall bow  
To thee, by many an Orient stream.

Dull Egypt, startled in her fen,  
 Shall hail thee, fluttering in the Nile!  
 And fearless tribes of painted men  
 Salute thee from their savage isle.

Wherever other flags may dare  
 To carry new distress and wrong,  
 Thy radiant heraldry shall bear  
 A token earth has looked for long, —

A token of the nobler day  
 That soon shall dawn in peace and light,  
 When every chain shall fall away,  
 And swords be only kept in sight.

The dwellers then, by every sea,  
 In every land, of every tongue,  
 Shall bless the standard of the free  
 That makes the old world once more young:

The hues of heaven's prophetic bow  
 No lovelier then shall seem than thine;  
 Nor more of placid hope bestow  
 Than thy serene, fulfilling sign.

JULY 4, 1865.

Epitaph, on an Infant.  
 This little seed of life and love  
 Just lent us for a day,  
 Came like a blessing from above,  
 Passed like a dream away.

And when we garnered in the earth  
 The grain that was ours,  
 We thought that burial was but birth  
 To sprouts and to flowers.

And still the benediction stays,  
 Although its angel waves:  
 Dear God! Thy ways, if bitter ways  
 We learn to love, at last.

But for the dream - it broke indeed,  
 And yet great comfort gives;  
 What was a dream is now our creed:  
 We know our darling lives!

T. W. P.

